

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Dad there's a black man in the public toilet with a white willy that's OK son it's only a miner
who as been home for his dinner

Poem.

In the heart of storytelling's realm we tread,
Where words cascade upon the pages spread.
A tale to weave, emotions to invoke,
Let us embark on this poetic stroke.

Once upon a time, a story took flight,
In gleaming letters, it danced with delight.
From murky depths, a pen began to scribe,
Characters and worlds, where dreams could thrive.

In shadows deep, where secrets often hide,
A tale emerged, a journey to coincide.
Whispers of the past, lingering whispers, we hear,
With every line, a story bound to steer.

A father and a son, both worlds apart,
Their paths entwined, where unity imparts.
A public toilet, an unlikely stage,
Where differences confront, their hearts engage.

The world, a canvas, painted with diverse hues,
A black man's presence, unveiled, as he pays his dues.
Yet, prejudice tries to wield its darkened might,
But a father's wisdom shines, a guiding light.

"Son, do not judge by colors that you see,
For unity lies in embracing diversity.
That man, a miner, a hardworking soul,
Deserves respect, his story to unfold."

A tale of hope and harmony it becomes,
Through understanding, division succumbs.
For in our stories lies the power to bind,
To break down walls, with open hearts aligned.

So let us write, with words imbued in grace,
With empathy and truth, our stories embrace.
For in each tale, a journey we embark,
To touch souls, and stir emotions in the dark.

By Donald Jay